

The contention of the two famous Houses.

The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

Hum. Nay my Lords, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake.
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.

Exit Duke Humfrey.

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage.
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the Land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts.
For you well see, if he but walke the streetes,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus bleffe your royall excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke *Humfrey*,
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smoothe duke *Humfrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

Exit Cardinal.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughty *Cardinall*,
Cofin of *Somer* set be rulde by me,
Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the *Cardinall* too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Somer. Thankes cofin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the duke of *Suffolke*,
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his seate.

Buck. Content, come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition followes after,
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good:
Oft haue I scene this haughty *Cardinall*
Sweare, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,
More like a *Ruffian* then a man of the Church.

Cofine

Torke and Lancaster.

Cofin *Torke*, the victories thou hast wonne,
In *Ireland*, *Normandy*, and in *France*,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath won thee credit amongst the common sort,
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,
Is of no little force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good duke *Humfrey* may his state possesse,
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne.

War. For greefe that all is lost that *Warwicke* won,

Sonnes. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
Why *Warwick* did win them, & must that then which we wonne
with our swords, be giuen away with words.

Torke. As I haue read, our Kings of England were wont to haue
large dowries with their wiues, but our king *Henry* giues a-
way his owne.

Salf. Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

War. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is lost,
Which *Warwicke* by maine force did vvin from *France*,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I vwill vvin from *France*, or else bee slaine.

Exit Salisbury and Warwicke.

Torke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold neeves for me, for I had hope of *France*,
Euen as I haue of fertile England.
A day will come when *Torke* shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud duke *Humfrey*:
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:
Then *Torke* be still a while till time doe serue,

Watch.